

The Examiner.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

EDWARD WHELAN

This is true Liberty, when Free-born Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free.—EURIPIDES.

[EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.]

Vol. VII.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, JANUARY 18, 1858.

No. 28.

Saddle, Harness, Collar and Trunk-making ESTABLISHMENT.

THE subscriber respectfully intimates to the public generally that he has commenced business in the above line in the house on the corner of Queen and Sydney-streets, near the store of the Hon. Daniel Brennan, where he will keep for sale a large assortment of

GIG, CARRIAGE AND CART HARNESS; SADDLES, BRIDLES, COLLARS, WHIPS, TRUNKS, &c. All orders for any article connected with the trade will be punctually attended to. He is also prepared to trim Sleighs, Gigs and Carriages in a superior style. The subscriber feels confident he can give satisfaction to those who may favor him with their patronage, from his having had a long experience in the business both in the Old Country and in this Island. Ch. Town, Oct. 19, 1857. JOHN BOWERS. N. B.—A liberal discount will be allowed to country wholesale dealers. 3m

FAUGHT'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, QUEEN-SQUARE.

THE subscriber invites the attention of the public generally to his large supply of Ladies', Gents', Misses' and Boys' BOOTS and SHOES, consisting of—Ladies' Congress and Gaiter Boots, a superior article; Gents' Calf and Kip Boots and Brogans, Patent Leather and Congress Cloth Boots; Boys' and Youths' Patent Leather Shoes, of all kinds. A quantity of French Calf-skin on hand, which he will manufacture to order in the most approved and fashionable style.

A large supply of Ladies', Gents', Misses' and Boys' Indian Rubber Boots and Shoes, of all sizes and of the best quality. A quantity of Indian Rubber Solution, for repairing Rubbers. Sign Golden Boot, City, Aug. 17, 1857.

MESSRS. STANFIELD & LORD beg to inform the Farmers of Prince Edward Island, that after this date their NEW MILL at TRYON will be ready for Dyeing, Fulling and Dressing Cloth, having spared no expense in fitting up. The services of Mr. Lippincott, of Picton, being secured as manager, they guarantee to finish work in the best possible manner, on the usual terms.

Mr. H. CALNECK, of Sydney Street, Charlottetown, will receive Cloth, and attend to its being forwarded with despatch. Tryon, July 27.

Co-Partnership.

THE BUSINESS heretofore carried on by the subscriber at Orwell and Montague Bridge, in his own name, will, on and after the 1st day of January, 1858, be carried on under the style and firm of STEPHENS & CLARK, having made arrangements to take my Nephew, Mr. RICHARD G. CLARK, in Partnership at that time.

All Notes of Hand and Book Accounts unpaid on the 20th of December next, will be sued for, without further notice, in the Courts of Georgetown, Belfast and Charlottetown, as all Accounts must be settled before the Partnership commences. A list of Debtors will at once be placed in the hands of Wm. Anderson, Esq., Georgetown. Orwell, Nov. 30, 1857. PATRICK STEPHENS.

Co-Partnership Notice.

THE subscriber, having taken into Partnership Mr. G. W. MILLER, will continue to carry on the Marble Business in future under the Firm of

WELLS & MILLER.

Orders for MARBLE HEADSTONES will receive prompt attention.

S. WELLS, Manufacturer.
G. W. MILLER, Salesman.

Ch. Town, Dec. 21, 1857. 3m

Carriage Making.

JOHN SCOTT, Carriage Manufacturer, returns thanks to the inhabitants of Charlottetown and the Island generally, for the very liberal patronage he has received since his commencement in business, and now informs them that he has this day—October 13th, 1857—taken into partnership his brother, Mr. ROBERT SCOTT, who has returned from the United States, where he has been engaged at the above business for a number of years, and has learned all the modern improvements in Carriage Building, and they will now be able to furnish as good an article, and at as moderate a price, as can be had anywhere on the Island. In future the business will be carried on under the style and title of

JOHN & ROBERT SCOTT,

CARRIAGE AND SLEIGH BUILDERS, &c., &c.

Carriages and Sleighs always on hand, and built to order at the shortest notice. Carriage and Sleigh Trimming done with neatness and despatch. Charlottetown, Oct. 19, 1857. 4m

STEAM! STEAM! STEAM!

Patrick Hickey & Co's

CABINET, SASH, DOOR, BLIND AND GENERAL WOOD WORK MANUFACTORY.

HAVE just completed their three-story BUILDING, east of the Wellington Hotel, Sydney-street, the only one of the kind in this Island where Steam Power and the most approved Machinery now in use is employed for saving manual labor.

In the establishment is a Drying-room, in which Lumber is thoroughly seasoned by the heat of Steam.

They having engaged the service of a competent Machinist and General Engineer from Boston, are enabled to undertake repairing all kinds of Machinery, including Lock, Gun-fitting and Screw-cutting, having imported self-acting Lathes and other Machinists' tools for that purpose.

Also—Planing, Straight and Sweep Sawing,—Morticing, Tenoning, Moulding, Boring and Turning Machinery. N. B.—All kinds of Iron Turning done to order. Ch. Town, Dec. 14, 1857. Isl 4m

Dissolution of Co-partnership.

THE Co-partnership advertised in April and May last, between the undersigned, under the name of Daniel Brennan & Co. is this day dissolved by mutual consent, and all debts due to the said firm are to be paid to D. Brennan, Charlottetown.

Sept. 7, 1857.

DANIEL BRENNAN.
P. P. NORTON.

City Livery and Sale Stables.

THE subscriber, seeing the necessity of a convenient place for the sale and purchase of Horses in the City, will, in connection with his extensive Livery Stables, give every attention to the interest of parties wishing to buy or sell. His commodious Stables, fitted up for the purpose, and to which he invites inspection, can accommodate a limited number of Horses by the week or otherwise.

Thankful for former patronage, he trusts a liberal public will support him in the present undertaking. Charlottetown, May 4, 1857. 1y. J. H. GATES.

Berkshire Pigs and Leicester Rams

FOR SALE at the Royal Agricultural Society's Farm. Apply to W. W. IRVING, Manager. December 7, 1857.

N. B.—A number of yearly Durham Heifers and Bulls will be ready for distribution in the Counties in the Spring.

By order, W. W. IRVING, Sec'y R. A. S.

Coke, Coke, Coke!

NOW SELLING AT THE GAS WORKS. Dec. 28, 1857.

To be Let,

AND IMMEDIATE POSSESSION GIVEN. A DWELLING HOUSE in Hillsborough Street, near King Square, suitable for a small family. It has been recently fitted up anew, and is in good repair. On the first floor there are a Shop, Parlour, Kitchen and Bed-room; and on the second floor two spacious Bed-rooms. Immediately in the rear of the Dwelling House is a good STABLE, together with a large and well-stocked GARDEN. For terms, &c., apply at the Examiner's office. Charlottetown, Dec. 21, 1857.

To be Sold or Let,

THE Leasehold Interest in a STORE or DWELLING HOUSE at Montague Bridge, with a Loft capable of holding 1,000 Bushels of Grain. Also, a good Cellar underneath the whole; and a Coach-house and Stable at hand. Also, a BUILDING LOT adjoining the Bridge, where a Wharf or Limekiln might be erected at a small expense, or a Yard for Shipbuilding. Mr. Thomas Annear will shew the premises, and give possession when required. Orwell, Nov. 30, 1857. PATRICK STEPHENS.

For Sale,

A FREEHOLD PROPERTY, thirteen miles from Charlottetown, the most eligible situation for country business on the Island, situated at Vernon River Bridge, Lot 50—where vessels drawing ten feet of water can load at the Bridge—the public road from south side of the Island running close by the shop door. There are on the premises a DWELLING-HOUSE, in good repair, containing on the lower floor a Dining-room, Drawing-room, two Bed-rooms and Kitchen, also a Shop 24 x 20, on the upper floor two Bed-rooms; a two-story GRANARY 40 x 25, with double floors; a new SHOP 48 x 20; a Store-house, Stable and Coach-house, and a good Well of water close to the house. For further particulars apply in Charlottetown to BENJ. DAVIES, Esquire, or on the premises to the proprietor. October 5, 1857. ROBERT BARKER.

For Sale,

LOTS suitable for Villa Residences, situate on the western moiety of "Spring Park" Estate—within a few minutes walk of the Province Building. For further particulars, plan, &c., apply to THOS. DESBRISAY, or to the subscriber. May 18, 1857. W. H. POPE.

To Freeholders, Merchants, Mechanics, and also the Tenantry on parts of Townships Nos. 53, 57, 58, 59, 60 and 62.

TAKE NOTICE!

THE Local Government not being in a position to purchase the above property, I now offer, on advantageous terms, at PRIVATE SALE—

Twenty Thousand Acres

of fine fertile LANDS on these Townships, in LOTS from Fifty to Five Hundred Acres each, or in quantities to suit purchasers. A most favorable opportunity will thus be afforded to Freeholders, with large or small capital, to purchase Farms for their rising families within a limited circle of their own homes.

To the Tenant who may feel anxious to become a Freeholder, whether under a term of One, to Nine Hundred and Ninety-nine years, every reasonable encouragement will be afforded him to purchase out the fee simple of his Leasehold tenure. But Tenants (or individuals) taking forcible possession of private property, and whose object may be to enjoy the same, without payment of rent, or making arrangements for its use and occupation, cannot expect any further indulgence, as the law must of necessity be rigidly enforced against them without any respect of persons—they are therefore earnestly requested to prevent such unpleasant and expensive proceedings being instituted against them for its recovery.

Plans of property may be viewed between office 1 oars, 10 and 3. All letters must be pre-paid to receive attention. WILLIAM DOUSE. Ch. Town, P. E. Island, Sept. 28, 1857.

Valuable Mills to be Let.

THE subscriber is desirous of letting those valuable MILLS situate on the Princetown Road, about 15 miles from Charlottetown. They consist of a Grist Mill, with three pair of stones, is quite new and in excellent order; and a SAW MILL. Enquire of the subscriber on the premises. P. Town Road, Oct. 26. JAMES PATTERSON.

Valuable Leasehold Property for Sale.

THE undersigned offers for sale his FARM at Barrett's Cross, Lot 19, containing 114 acres of excellent Land, at the annual rent of 1s. per acre, for 999 years; forty acres of which are under a high state of cultivation, and the remainder is covered with the best quality of hardwood timber and fencing poles. It has a front of nineteen chains on the Main Western and Bedouque Roads, and is within nine miles of the flourishing Town of Summerside. There are on the premises a very excellent DWELLING-HOUSE, together with a DISTILLERY, COACH-HOUSE, STABLES, &c.; two excellent Wells of water are within a few yards of the door, and every other accommodation besides. A portion of the purchase money may remain on interest for such time as may be agreed on. Barrett's Cross, Lot 19, Oct. 5. PETER MULLIN.

"Stratford."

To Let or Lease for a term of years.

THREE or 4 BUILDING LOTS in Stratford, Lot 48, opposite Charlottetown; together with a sufficient number of Bricks to erect a House or Cottage on each Lot, with the privilege of purchasing the same within the period of the term. For further particulars apply to Mr. JOHN BALL, or the owner, MAJOR BEETE. Ch. Town, Dec. 14, 1857. 8i

For Sale or to Let,

DEVENPORT COTTAGE AND GROUNDS. THE Subscriber being desirous of removing into Town, offers for SALE or to LET, the above named property where he now resides. This property is prettily situated, and is only about one mile from the centre of the City. THE COTTAGE contains eight well-finished rooms, and a large pantry, besides a kitchen, laundry, and two rooms for servants. BARN, STABLES, Coach House, and other Out-Buildings are in good repair, and are convenient and commodious. A Well of excellent water is within a few yards of the kitchen door. The LAND consists of THREE PASTURE LOTS, of which from 6 to 12 Acres will be sold or leased with the House and Buildings. For Terms, and further particulars, apply to the Subscriber. July 6, 1857. G. W. DEBLOIS.

For Christmas.

FRESH RAISINS, Currants, Apples and Onions, Cheese, Crackers, &c. &c., at the King Square House. Ch. Town, Dec. 21, 1857. 1m BEER & SON.

Class Tuition in

English, French, Writing, Arithmetic, Mathematics, &c. B. IRVING'S limited and select CLASSES, for both sexes, will be re-opened (D. V.) on Monday, the 4th January, 1858.

MORNING CLASSES.—First, or Senior; Second, or Junior; and a Juvenile Class for both sexes, to be taught by MRS. IRVING. An Afternoon Class for young Ladies.

An Evening Class for young Gentlemen. A few PUPIL BOARDERS, either weekly or half-yearly, can be accommodated. Ch. Town, Pownal-street, Jan. 4, 1858. 3w

Literature.

FOUR SEASONS.

BY ALFRED WATTS.

When Life was Spring our wants were small,
The present hour the future scoring—
A stunning partner at a ball—
A place among her thoughts next morning;
No fears had we that she could lose
The varied charms our fancy lent her,
Torsione was then our Muse,
And Mr. Thomas Moore our Mentor.

Time passed till, though our wants were few,
Hopes rose, but 'twas not hard to span 'em—
An opera-box, paille gloves, a new
Rig out, or ten pounds more per annum
When deeper aspirations came,
We called in aid—Imagination,
And drew our Fancy for our Fame,
And for our Love—upon Flirtation.

Grown more sagacious, by and by,
The wants and hopes of Life advancing,
We learned to spell love with an I,
And dining took the pas of dancing;
We smiled at Fancy; pitted youth;
In power began life's aim to centre;
Demurred at Faith; and doubted Truth;
Till self became both Muse and Mentor.

Another Season served to prove
Our false appraisement of Life's treasure,
We found in Trust, and Truth, and Love,
The very corner-stones of Pleasure;
That youth of heart was less sweet than giving;
That we might live, and yet be dead
To all the real joys of living.

Our dreams how shadowy and vain
We've found; and turn back truer hearted,
With humbler quest to seek again
The simple faith in which we started;
And deeper read in Wisdom's page,
Know now how have been beguiled, who'd
Suppose the objects that engage
The hopes of youth—the aims of age
Should find their end in second childhood.

LYNDON HALL.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER THE FIRST.

Norah Lyndon sat under the great beech-tree at the end of the long walk with her cousin Gregory. Norah was fair, pale, timid and depressed; Gregory fiery as an Arab and almost as swartly; Norah was gentle and cold, loving no one and harming nothing, while Gregory's very caresses were less tender than the reproaches of other men, and his love more fierce than ordinary hate. Yet though so singularly unsuited to each other, these two creatures were betrothed; because Norah's father wished to unite the estates, and because Gregory had a savage kind of love for his beautiful little cousin—that love which thinks only of itself, and looks only to its own fulfillment. As for Norah, she had simply been required to say "I will," after her father's stern "you shall." No one dreamed of any spontaneous wish on her part as either desirable or necessary; and it never occurred even to herself that she might by chance do more than obey—that she might claim the common birthright of humanity, and desire and will for herself. Her father had not ground her down through all the facile years of her early youth to leave her such dangerous thoughts as these. He had not suppressed every spark of self-assertion to no purpose. He had made her what he would her to be—a passive machine that did as it was bidden—walking by rule and living by law, but devoid of all the impulse, passion, strength and will, which spring from an independent inner life.

This suited Colonel Lyndon. To his ideas Norah was a model daughter, and he almost loved her for the feebleness he had created in her. But Colonel Lyndon was not prone to love anything; and this, his nearest approach, was but a poor imitation at the best. Gregory, too, was a man who demanded implicit obedience from a woman. With his oriental temperament he had imbibed oriental ideas, and could never reconcile himself to the independence of Western women. But he was of a widely different nature to the Colonel, even while seemingly agreeing with him in the proper treatment and condition of women. He wanted love together with obedience; his slave must feel as well as act according to his desires; and souls must yield as well as breathe if he would be satisfied. The Colonel looked only for practical obedience; Gregory, younger, more impassioned and in love, desired emotional sympathy as well. Thus, while Norah's submissiveness charmed her, her coldness and want of demonstration often nearly maddened him; and few men, perhaps, ever underwent greater torture than Gregory had done since his engagement with his cousin.

He often questioned her fiercely about her love for him; and to-day the conversation beneath the beech-tree led again over the old ground.

"Of course I love you," said Norah, in her strange, timid way, not looking up, and speaking without emphasis or intonation.

"Why don't you look as if you did, then?" cried Gregory, impatiently.

"I cannot help my looks, cousin: they are always against me. I look pale, but I am not ill; and I believe I always look cross and unhappy, but I am not either."

"No, no, not cross, Norah, but unhappy. What makes you unhappy? He spoke quickly, bending his great black eyes eagerly on her.

"I am not unhappy," said Norah, quietly.

"You are, Norah! you know you are! Every look, every movement, the tones of your voice, your gestures—everything tells me that you are wretched, dejected, broken-hearted. I see it. I see it. O heaven! that face! and on the eve of our marriage!" There was a certain deep vibration in the tones of his voice which was always the prelude to a fit of frenzy.

Norah, constitutionally afraid of passion, began to tremble. "There! there! see! I cannot speak to you in the tenderest way—I cannot even show you any love or care, without making you tremble and shrink from me. You cannot call this love, Norah! Why, my very dog returns my caresses, and my horse knows my hand. These dumb

creatures love me, while you—you—you fear me, you shiver with dread and disgust before me, you abhor me, Norah!—you wish I was dead and swept from your path for ever! I see it—I know it—I feel it!"

He started up from the garden seat, and began pacing the walk, and folding his arms over his breast; but more as if he were a modern Laocoon crushing a boa-constrictor, than an ordinary English gentleman assuming an ordinary English attitude.

"Please, cousin, sit down," said Norah, timidly.

"O, this is torture!" he exclaimed, in a voice of genuine anguish: then flinging himself on his knees before her, he seized her hands, and burst into such a wild strain of despair and anguish that Norah felt almost faint to hear him. Moreover, he had grasped her so harshly, that, had she not been too timid ever for cowardice, she would have screamed aloud. His nervous muscular hands closing like a vice over those tiny delicate fingers of hers, nearly crushed them. Little frail Norah was no fit plaything for a swartly savage six feet high, and as powerful as he was passionate. But now his despair was so intense, and Norah felt in her own soul that, though exaggerated, it was not entirely groundless. She was too timid to make an end of it herself. She could only wait, trembling and terrified, until Gregory's passion had burnt itself out, and he had become calm by force of exhaustion. She sat still and silent; white and rigid like a little marble statue.

At last the storm cleared off, and Gregory tried to soothe her. She bore her cousin's soothing passively, as she bore everything; but her sole thought during the infliction was, "When will this be over? O! when will he go away?"

At last, passing through the shrubbery, Norah saw a tall great, spare military figure coming towards them—a figure she never remembered seeing with pleasure or gratitude before.

"My father, cousin!" she said quietly, but with a little sigh of relief.

Gregory had just time to start to his feet before Colonel Lyndon turned into the Long Walk; for Gregory, half a savage, was almost as much in awe of his uncle as Norah herself.

With a stern, undeviating step, and a stern, unchanging face, the Colonel came up to them, and silently sat down on the other side of Norah. No one spoke. Gregory was occupied in regaining his self-possession, and Norah waited, as she had been taught, until her father should first address her.

"A beautiful day," said Colonel Lyndon, after a time: speaking curtly and imperatively, as if he were on parade giving orders, and as if the weather were on the verge of his displeasure. That was his way with everything.

"Very," said Norah.

"Too close," muttered Gregory, wiping his upper lip—that tell-tale upper lip—with the Nubian blood seen so plainly in its thickened lines and glowing red!

Then there was a dead silence again: the Colonel had exhausted his first series of subjects; for the Colonel was not a talkative man; and Norah was always too thankful to take refuge in the peace of silence to break it of her own free will; even if she had not been taught that such infraction was the highest possible disrespect to paternal majesty. At last the Colonel spoke again:

"When does Miss Thorold come, Norah?"

"To-morrow, sir," said Norah.

"I hear she has grown a handsome and a pleasant person," remarked Colonel Lyndon condescendingly. "As a child she was too forward and not sufficiently feminine, but I hear she has improved. What say you, Norah? it is not long since you left school? You can remember her distinctly, I presume. She is not disagreeable, I believe?"

"Not at all, sir," said Norah.

"And handsome?"

"Very handsome."

"Accomplished, too, and lady-like?"

"Both, sir."

"Handsome, agreeable, accomplished—yet you are not afraid of her? You are not jealous?" said Gregory with a forced laugh.

"No, cousin, not in the least."

"Ah!" he cried, with a bitter sneer on his face. "Only those who love are jealous."

"You speak bitterly, Gregory," said Colonel Lyndon, sharply, turning on his nephew those cruel, cold grey eyes.

"I feel strongly, uncle."

"By what right, sir?"

"The right of suffering," said Gregory, moodily.

"Strange words!" cried the Colonel. "Are you not my daughter's affianced husband? What 'suffering' is there in your position, pray?"

"O! to be accepted is not enough! I would be loved!"

"Miss Lyndon knows her duty too well not to do as she is bidden; Gregory, I have told her she must love you, and she does love you, for she has never yet presumed to disobey me. Tell me, Norah—you love your cousin, do you not?"

"Yes," said Norah, looking down.

"Don't be a fool, Gregory!" said the Colonel, with a small laugh; "else you may lose what I have made and gained. I give up to you a model of submission and obedience; be thankful for this result of a life of discipline and training, and do not blame the instrument if you are a bad musician. I never found it fail under my touch: be wise, and it will not fail under yours!"

He rose as he said this, cast a sharp glance at the down-cast eyes of his daughter, and walked away, with the same measured tread and military precision as when he came. Norah looked after him almost regretfully. Her two tyrants neutralised each other when they were together; and, indeed, anything was preferable to a tete-a-tete with Gregory, when he was in one of his jealous and excited moods.

"Cousin," she said, quite quietly, "I wish that you, or my father, would kill me at once. It would be better for me than to live as I do now."

Gregory heard no more, but bounded away, and Norah saw him no more for that day. But her father scolded her for three quarters of an hour, and told her she was ungrateful and insubordinate.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

"Why, Norah! you do not look much like a bride?" cried Lucy Thorold, when, after the necessary public greetings were over, she and her friend were closeted, like school-girls talking mysteries again. "How is this?—is not your cousin kind to you?"

"Yes," said Norah. "I believe so."

"What a strange speech!" laughed Lucy, handsome, positive, dauntless Lucy—handsome, bold, worldly Lucy—who thought Norah the luckiest of women to be engaged to